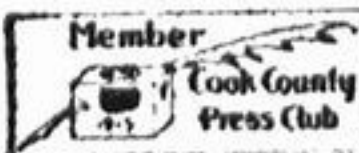


**Downers Grove Reporter**

Every Friday morning from the office of the Downers Grove Publishing Co., 37 North Main Street, Downers Grove, Illinois.

C. H. STAATS, EDITOR

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The Star Spangled Banner Forever Shall Wave, The Land of The Free and The Home of The Brave."



**LETTERS FROM DOWNERS GROVE SOLDIER BOYS**

**ED EDWARDS "IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL NURSE"**

November 14th, 1918.

Dear Folks:  
I have a plain case of "I don't want to get well, for I'm in love with a beautiful nurse." Talk about wonderful treatment, a fellow certainly gets here in a Red Cross hospital and give me Mother I know how to appreciate it. My last letter written at two weeks ago was mailed only a few days ago owing to the fact that we were on the move so fast that we the horse lines some fifty odd feet in the rear. At the beginning of the push the 149th had the forward position, as usual, so far forward that the M. C. H. were in our rear. I received too much gas which started me going down but kept on at grinning and bearing it until we got back. It was sleeping in water between wet blankets for a few hours each night, never more, for after hiking all day or night we would all out into a field fire and pull out again. A couple of mornings my shoes were frozen so stiff that I had to thaw them out before I could even think of getting loose enough to squeeze them on. It was one of the toughest campaigns I have ever been in out of my thirteen months of shockitz. So hard to realize that the whole thing is over and the time is come to start back. The way the dope goes here we are going to be sent back separate on a Hospital ship. It's a great life my dears and if anyone tells me or you Mother that I could have stood thru it all we both would have said, "Never." But I have come thru it with only a scratch received in the beginning of the war and a little too much gas at the end but now am almost ready again, having had real eats and a fine bed for the last four days.

I haven't much news to write of except if my experiences on this last trip up but they can wait for a few months now dears. Believe you folks

back home went wilder about peace than we did over here. I can't realize the show is over and when I see a German prisoner I want to let him know my thoughts.

Spent one of the pleasantest several weeks I have ever had in France. Several wonderful nurses came in and chatted with us, one danced to the Victrola and along with the candy they passed it was 'tres bien', nurse said the 42nd was going into Germany so I am not missing anything except hard hiking and a chance to see some of 'der Fatherland.' My greatest delight would be to spitting all over der country. There are a few things a fellow can't forgive as well as forget. Mother and Dad, I think my lucky stars I am of British descent.

I'm afraid I have fallen in love with a beautiful nurse. Do you blame me? Of course, dear take it with a grain of salt. They are all so good to us fellows we can't help loving them. Must close as the light is poor.

May this find you all well and happy. Your loving son, Fred (Edwards).

**JOHN CAIRD WRITES FROM BASE HOSPITAL**

November 10th, 1918.

Dearest Mother:

I guess you think I have abdicated or something as I have not written for so long. Well, I just haven't had the opportunity. The way it looks now it won't be long before the war is over. I guess you know who wishes to be home first.

I thought before our last battle I would go thru the war without killing a man but last time they didn't run fast enough and you know what happened. I thought it would be hard but just as we started over my bunkie whose name is Samuel Crawford fell. Of course, I couldn't stop to dress him as it is against the rules of warfare. I saw him fall and he called to me. I guess I went crazy then and I joined the first wave. It was just a matter of seconds when we met resistance and right then and there we wiped out all old scores. I guess most people have the impression that a man feels fear as he goes over but as long as you are moving there is absolutely no fear. The last time the feeling was different than ever before. I guess it was on account of Sam. Of course, we are all comrades but he was different. He lived in the State of Washington and we were going on hunting trips and had everything all planned out. I don't know whether he was killed or not.

I am in a base hospital now. I was tagged "Exhaustion" and I guess that covers it. I stuck it out as long as I could but after the excitement of the fight I was like a dish rag. I sure would have stuck it out if I could. But I am getting along fine today. I walked up to the mess hall as they had pie for dinner, so you see I am not very sick. We sure feed here. I am getting fat. No worry, a good bed and very little to do is sure doing me good. We have plenty of books and

magazines but very little writing paper. The thing is that I don't get any letters from you until I get back to the company.

I have been over the top many times that I can't count them and then to think that I should go to the hospital tagged exhaustion I have also found out that a lot of mothers are doing unnecessary worrying but yours is over for awhile, thank heavens. A lot of fellows in the A. E. F. might die of old age but I don't see any other way to go. Quite a number of the boys get pictures from home and you can see that their folks are thinking of them and worrying but I am glad yours are always smiling. It helps a lot. I wrote to Mrs. Bryan some time ago hoping to set her mind at ease which I hope I did. He got to the hospital and must be alright. I can't find anything out about Stanley Baran but he's pretty lucky. I met a fellow who knows Davie and

the Burns boys. He also knows Gil Lacey. This is an Illinois unit and most everybody knows people in D. G.

The last letter I wrote to you was pretty big and hard to censor, the officer who took it wanted to know if I was writing a book. Being a private I couldn't say a word but made an about face and left him. I'd like to meet some of these guys in civilian life. I was happy then and I guess I wrote an awful lot of bunk but I know you enjoy reading it. I have a little more trouble to tell you about, I came here with an overcoat and incidentally left my pocketbook, sharpshooting medal and emblem in it and I'm once again broke. We have a fellow from LaGrange in our company and we have some great arguments. The fellows from Chicago kid the dickens out of us about our little burg and about the Reporter which I receive pretty regularly. Saw some movies the other night showing Douglas Fair-

banks and a lot of sage brush. We are going to have a regimental parade this afternoon. I guess they are going to decorate us and we will have to stand parade rest until we are blue in the face. I just received a letter telling about the War Exposition in Chicago. I should have liked to see it. The most fun we have is when Fritzie comes over and we have a chance to bang a few rounds in him. Be sure and write every other day so I will have a lot of letters when I get back to camp.

Love to all, John.

**HERB EHNINGER MARCHED IN ENGLAND "PEACE DAY"**

Dear Mother and Dad: I received my cigarettes and candy (continued on page 7)



Direction Hilliard Campbell.



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